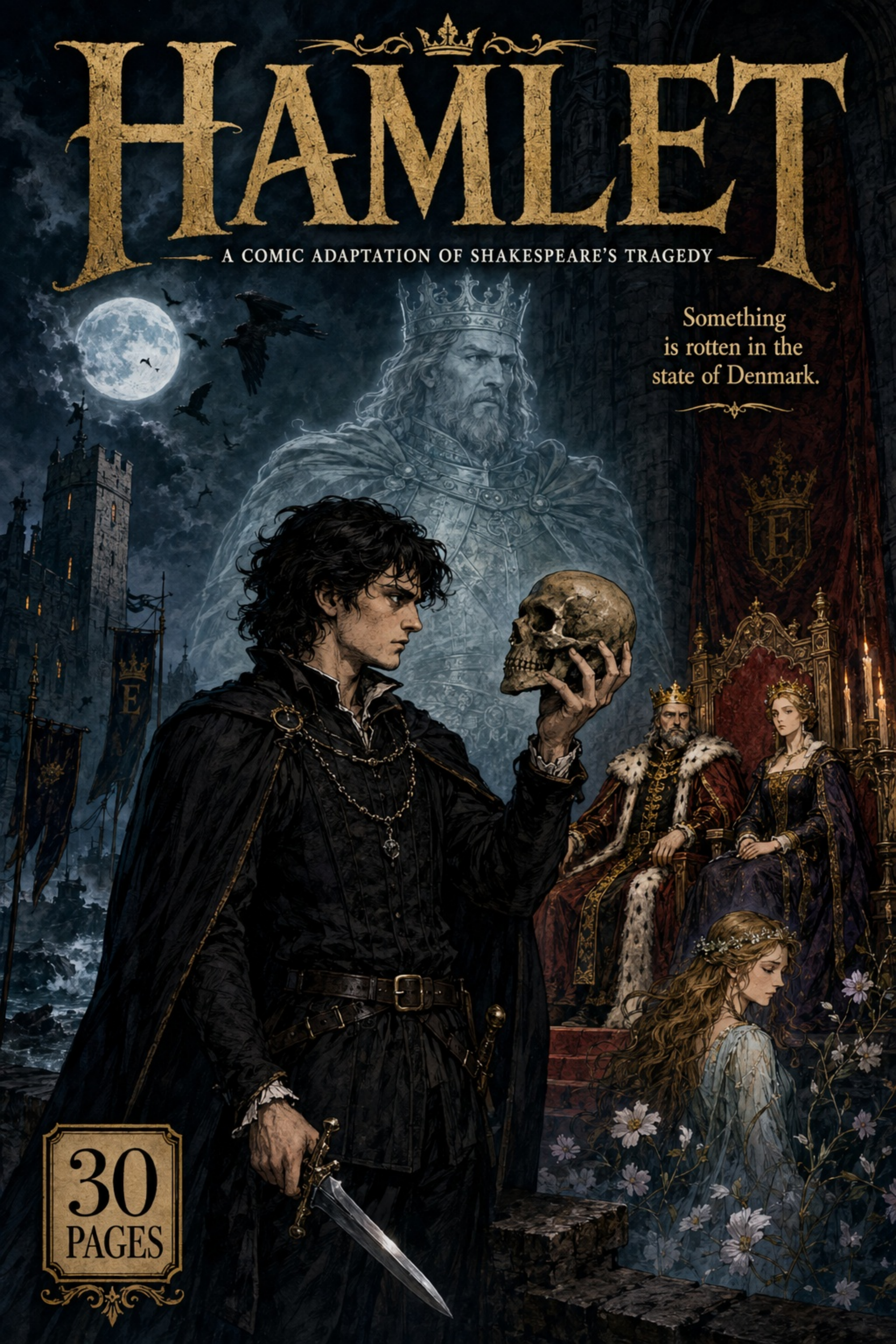


HAMILET


A COMIC ADAPTATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY

Something
is rotten in the
state of Denmark.


30
PAGES



Elsinore Castle.
Midnight.




Who's there?



Stand, and
unfold yourself.

Friends to
this ground.



Peace—look!

By heaven...
it wears the king's
own armor.



That night...



Soon after
the old king's death...

Though our
dear brother's death
is yet green, we have
taken our former sister
to be our queen.



Good Hamlet,
cast thy nighted
color off.



Seems,
madam? Nay—
it is. I know
not 'seems.'



Think of
us as of
a father.



But the prince's
grief remained
unhealed.





1

Alone at last...



2

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt...



3

Frailty, thy name is woman.



4



5

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Saw? Who?

My lord, the king your father.



*Adieu, adieu,
adieu. Remember me.*



*O villain,
villain, smiling,
damned villain!*



My lord!



*Never make known
what you have seen
tonight.*



*I may put
an antic disposition
on.*

*From that hour,
the prince began his
dangerous game.*



PAGE 6:
OPHELIA WARNED.

LAERTES PREPARES
TO DEPART FOR
FRANCE.

For Hamlet—
and the trifling of
his favor—hold it
a fashion and a
toy in blood.

I shall
the effect of
this good lesson
keep.

POLONIUS ENTERS.

What is
between you?
Give me up the
truth.

He hath, my lord,
of late made many
tenders of his
affection to me.

Do not
believe his vows.

I shall
obey, my lord.



A figure like your father, armed at point exactly.



My father's spirit—in arms?



I knew your father. These hands are not more like.



Where was this?

Upon the platform, where we watched.



I will watch tonight.



1

I am thy father's spirit.



2

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Murder?



3

The truth...



4

Now wears his crown.



5

O my prophetic soul! My uncle?

Elsinore.
The battlements.
A cold night.

Stay! Speak,
speak! I charge
thee, speak!



It is
offended.



At the cry of dawn...

This bodes
some strange
eruption to
our state.



Ophelia Alarmed.

1

My lord, as I
was sewing in
my closet...

2

Lord Hamlet,
with his doublet
all unbraced...

3

He took me by
the wrist and
held me hard.

4

5

He did not
speak one word,
my lord, but
looked on me
so wildly...

I was sore
afraid.

This sudden
change, this
strange
demeanor...

It may well
explain his
madness.



I have found
the very cause of
Hamlet's lunacy.



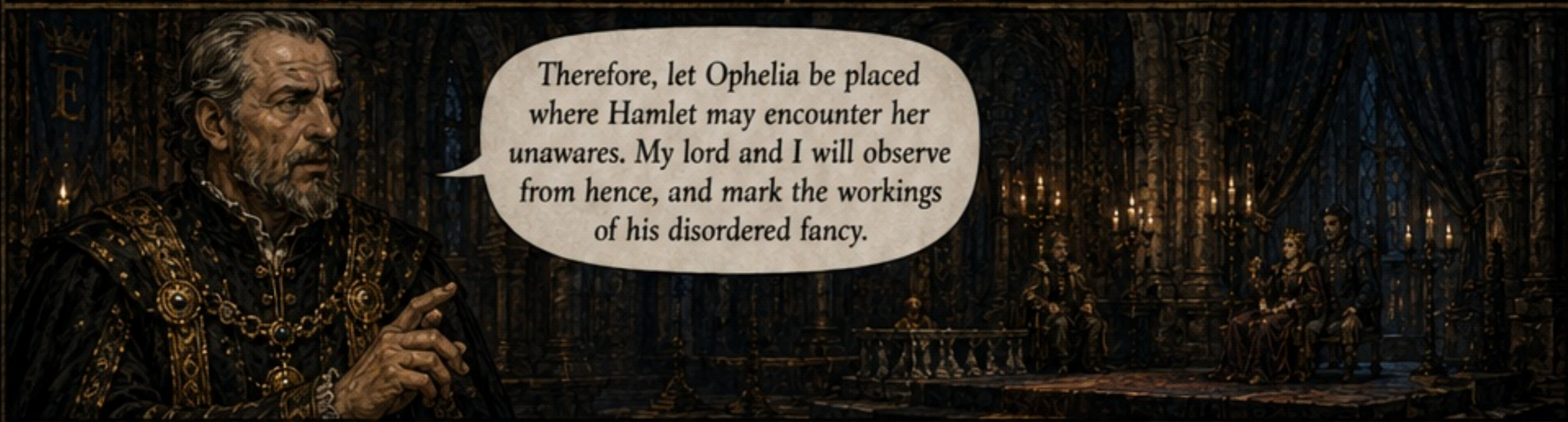
His affection
is fix'd upon
Ophelia.



See here,
my lords.

*To the celestial
and my soul's idol,
the most beautified
Ophelia...*

'Tis writ
with his own
hand.



Therefore, let Ophelia be placed
where Hamlet may encounter her
unawares. My lord and I will observe
from hence, and mark the workings
of his disordered fancy.



It is well
conceived.

We'll try it.

*In the court
of Elsinore...*

Welcome, dear
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Your friendship to our son
we much value.

I pray you both,
spend much time with Hamlet.
To draw him on to pleasures,
and to gather whether aught
afflicts him thus.

Your grace may trust us.
We will observe and serve
your will.

And, my lords,
cheer our son, I pray you.
His melancholy weighs
upon my heart.

*The two friends take
the king's charge
upon themselves...*

To search our friend's
soul—by royal command.
A dangerous kindness.

Yet we must
be true to both
friend and king.



Do you know me, my lord?



Excellent well.
You are a fishmonger.



A fishmonger, my lord?

Not I, my lord.
Nor I, my lord.
But, sir, I pray you,
let not your good daughter walk i' the sun;
conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive.



What do you read, my lord?



Words, words, words.



Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

1

My good friends,
I am glad to see you
well. Welcome to
Elsinore.

2

Thanks, Hamlet.
It's good to be back.
We thought we'd see
the sights, catch up
with you.

3

Sights? And me?
You are not honest men.
Were you sent for?

4

Denmark's
a prison.

Then is the
world one.

A goodly one;
in which there are
many confines.

5

Come, come;
wherefore do you
wear those faces?
What, were you
sent for? Speak.

Yes, Hamlet.
We were sent
for.

6

My lord, the players
are come.

The players?



Alone again.

They are gone, and I remain with nothing but my thoughts—and my failure.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

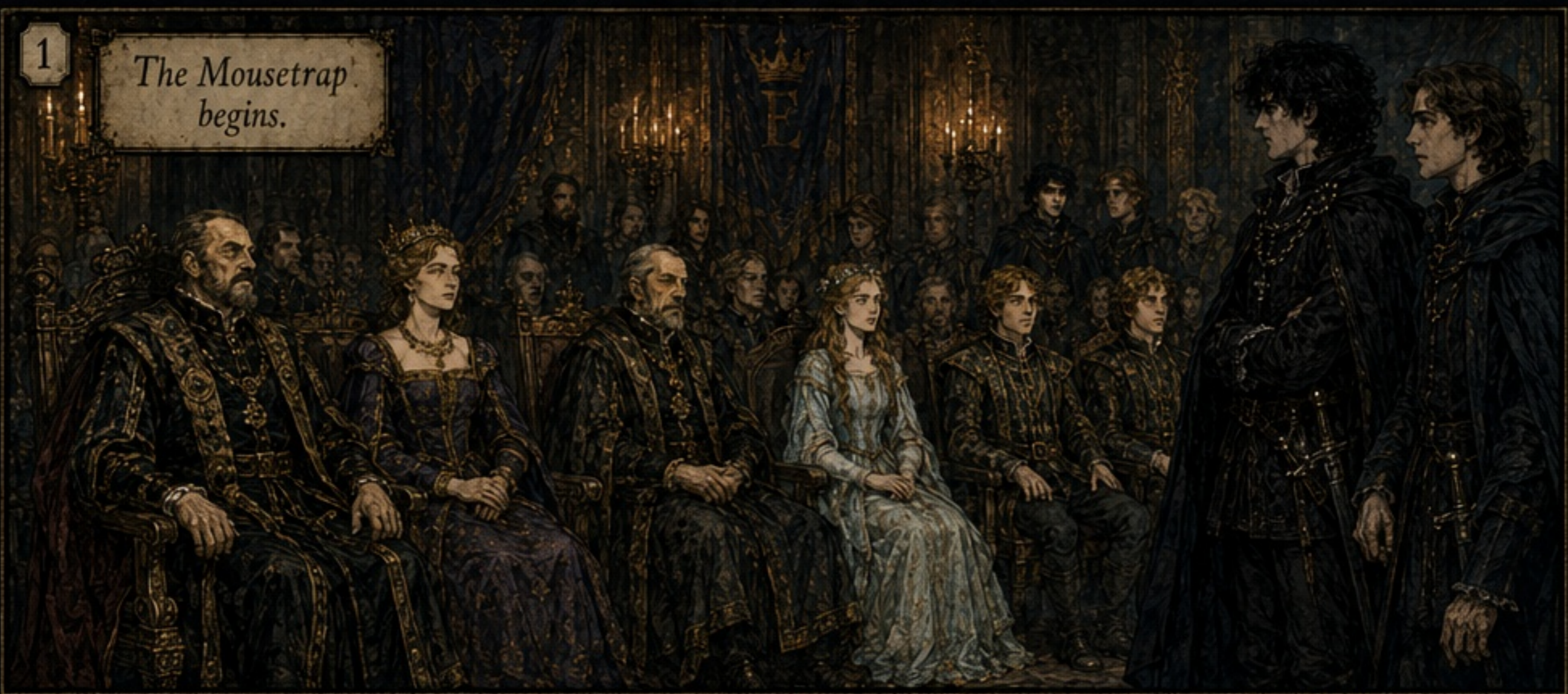
That player could weep for Hecuba, and move the very stones.

Yet here I stand, dull as the deaf, slow to avenge a father's bloody ghost.

Something must be done. But what? How?

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch
the conscience of
the king.





1 The Mousetrap begins.



Madam, how like you this play?

The text is full of matter, my lord.



3 Enter King and Queen.



4 A murderer approaches unseen.



'Tis false—it is the play's device.

Look, my lord—his color changes.

1

Onstage, the poison scene reaches its closest parallel to the ghost's story.



2

Claudius jolts up in horror, face drained, hands gripping the throne arm.

Give me some light! Away!



3

Courtiers and attendants erupt into confusion.

What meaneth this?

My lord, what's the matter?



4

Horatio and Hamlet exchange a look of certainty.



5

Hamlet realizes the ghost spoke true.

I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound.



6

Claudius storms away and Hamlet's suspicion is confirmed.





1

In the queen's closet.

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Mother, you have my father much offended.



2

What, ho! help!



3

How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!



4

O me, what hast thou done?



5

Do not forget.



6

Alas, he's mad!

Nay, good mother, be not offended. I speak to you alone.

Repent what's past. Avoid what is to come. But most of all—remember.



1

Mad as the sea
and wind, he kills the
unseen good old man.



2

My lord,
where is
Polonius?



3

At supper.

At supper?

Not where
he eats, but
where he is
eaten.



4

Hamlet, this deed
makes us arrange your
voyage to England.



5

You two will sail
with Hamlet and see
him safely there.



6

The present
death of Hamlet.
Do it, England.





1

Was your father dear to you?

To cut his throat i' the church!



2

We'll make a wager on your skill.



3

I'll touch my point with this contagion.



4

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.



5

He returns... when least we look.



6

If that should fail, a chalice shall be ready.



1

Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Mine, sir.



2

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade and a pick-axe, is a merry world.



3

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio.



4

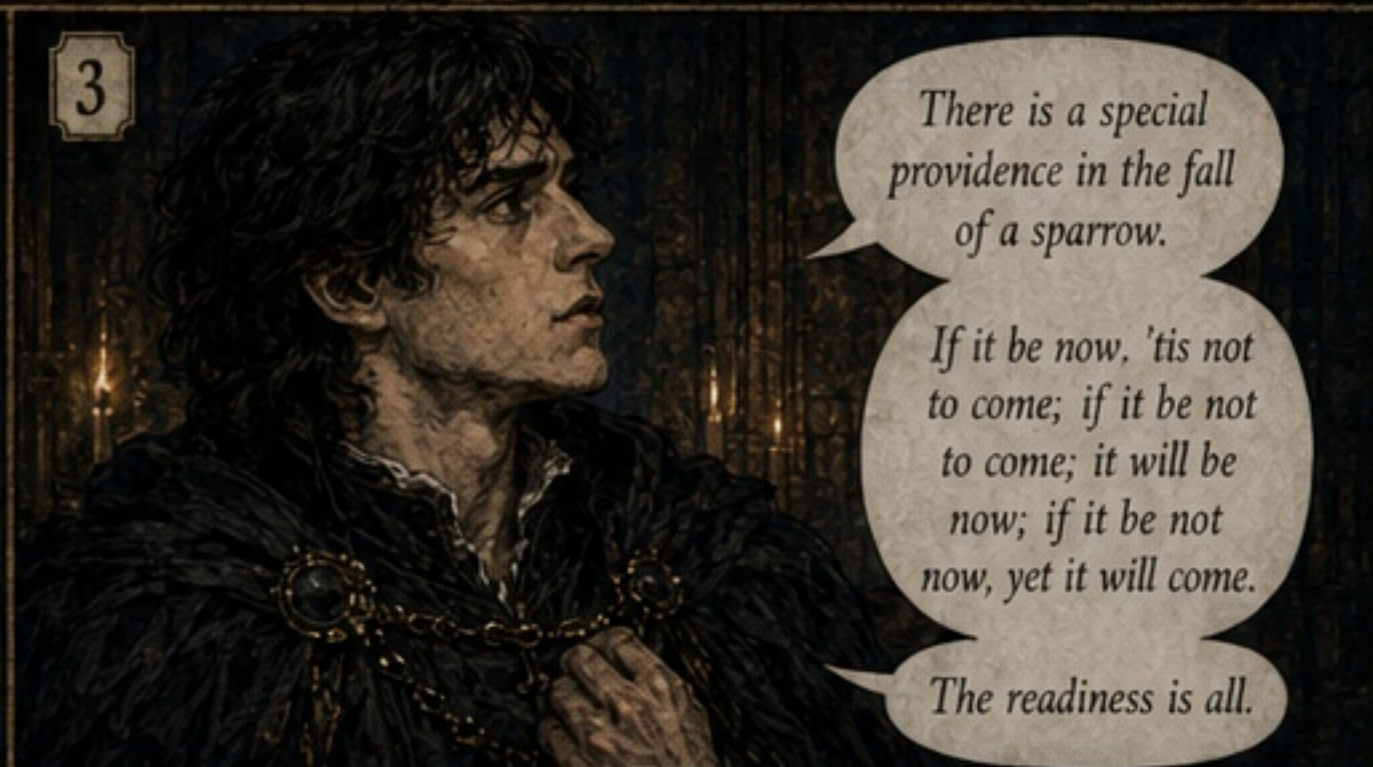
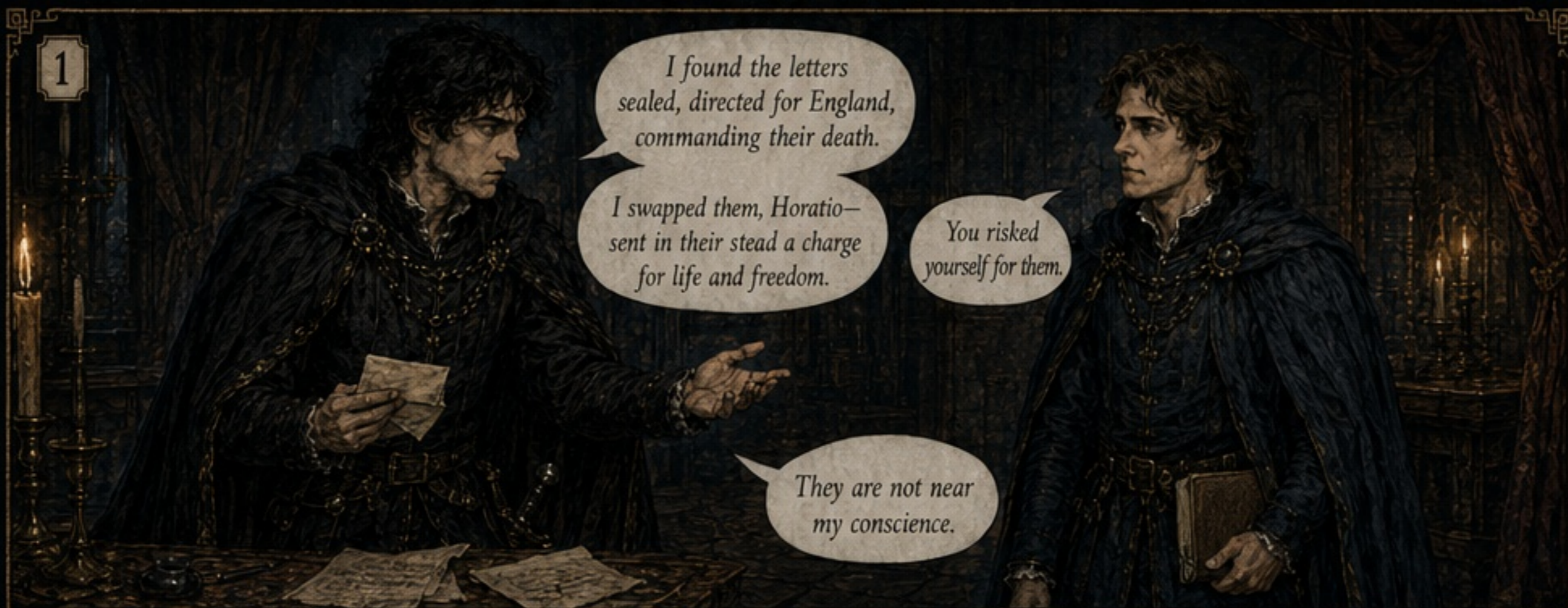
Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay...
The poor beast is the king of infinite space.
Indeed, the beggar's staff is royal. These scepters sway the present state;
These bones shall be a thousand kings.



5

My lord, a funeral comes.











1

Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane, drink off this potion!



2

O, yet defend me, friends!



3

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee.



4

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

As thou'rt a man, give me the cup.



5

Hear me, Horatio. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, for here I stand, a dying man. Give order that these bodies high on a stage be placed, that our most tragic story may be told.

I do prophesy the election lights on Fortinbras.



6

The rest is silence.



Where is this sight?



What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder,
cease your search.



Here is a tale of carnage,
of unnatural acts, of accidental
judgments, casual slaughters, and
deaths put on by cunning and
forced cause.



This quarry
cries on havoc.



Let four captains bear Hamlet,
like a soldier, to the stage; for he
was likely, had he been put on,
to have proved most royal.



Go, bid
the soldiers shoot.

The tragic story of
Hamlet is ended.